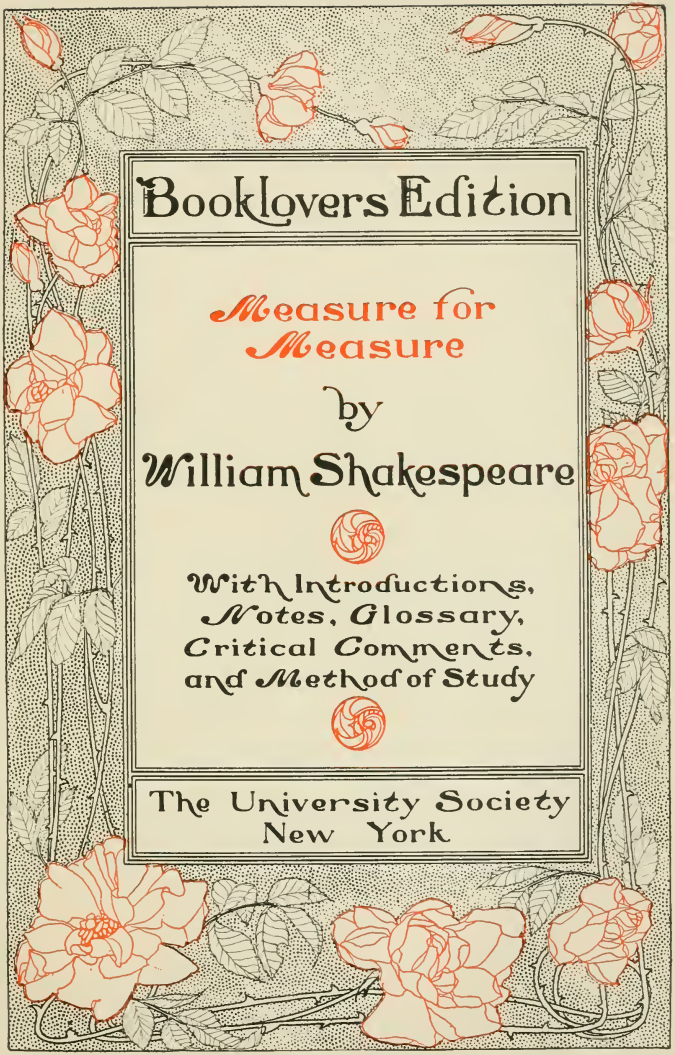
Lib.

Judith J. Harris

Song : "Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn"

Measure for Measure *Act* IV *Scene* 1



Booklovers Edition

Measure for Measure

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions, Notes, Glossary, Critical Comments, and Method of Study

The University Society
New York

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Measure for Measure* was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pp. 61-84, and holds the fourth place among the 'Comedies.' No direct reference to the play has been found anterior to its publication in 1623, nor is there any record of its performance before the Restoration, when Davenant produced his *Law against Lovers,* a wretched attempt to fuse *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado About Nothing* into one play.

The Date of Composition. All arguments for the date of composition of *Measure for Measure* must be drawn from general considerations of style, and from alleged allusions. As regards the latter, it has been maintained that two passages (Act I. i. 68-71 and Act II. iv. 27-30) offer "a courtly apology for King James I.'s stately and ungracious demeanour on his entry into England," and various points of likeness in the character of the Duke and James have been detected.* This evidence by itself would be of little value, but it certainly corroborates the æsthetic and metrical tests, which fix the date of composition about the year 1603-4. Further, in 1607, William Barksted, an admirer of our poet, published a poem, entitled *Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis,* wherein occurs an

*The entry usually cited from the accounts of the Revels at Court from Oct. 1604 to Oct. 1605 is now known to be a forgery. "By his Ma^tis Plaiers on Stivens night in the Hall, a Play called 'Mesur for Mesur'": probably, however, the forgery was based on authentic information.

obvious reminiscence of a passage in *Measure for Measure*:—

> "And like as when some sudden extasie
> Seizeth the nature of a sicklie man;
> When he 's discerned to swoon, straight by and by
> Folke to his helpe confusedly have ran;
> And seeking with their art to fetch him backe,
> So many throng, that he the ayre doth lacke."

(*cp. Measure for Measure,* II. iv. 24-27).

Mr. Stokes has advanced the ingenious conjecture that Barksted, as one of the children of the Revels, may have been the original actor of the part of Isabella.*

The strongest argument for the date 1603, generally adopted by critics, is derived from the many links between this play and *Hamlet*; they both contain similar reflections on Life and Death, though *Measure for Measure* "deals, not like *Hamlet* with the problems which beset one of exceptional temperament, but with mere human nature" (W. Pater, *Appreciations,* p. 179). There are, moreover, striking parallelisms of expression in the two plays. Similarly, incidents in *Measure for Measure* recall *All 's Well that Ends Well*; Isabella and Helena seem almost twin-sisters; but the questions at issue concerning the latter play are too intricate to warrant us in drawing conclusions as regards the date of the former play.

Source of the Play. The plot of *Measure for Measure* was ultimately derived from the *Hecatommithi* of Giraldi Cinthio† (Decad. 8, Nov. 5): the direct source,

* *Cp. The Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*; H. P. Stokes; 106-109.

† Concerning the historical basis of the story, *cp. Notes and Queries,* July 29th 1893; in 1547 a Hungarian student in Vienna narrated the occurrence in a letter to a friend in Sárvár: (*cp.* also Goulast's *Histoires admirables et mèmorables advenues de Nostre* Temps, 1607). It would seem that the subject had already been dramatized by Claude Rouillet in his Philamire, published in 1563, two years before Cinthio's Hecatommithi.

however, was a dramatisation of the story by George Whetstone, whose *Promos and Cassandra,* never acted, was printed in 1578. The title of this tedious production is noteworthy as indicating the rough outline of Shakespeare's original:—

The Right Excellent and Famous| History| of Promos and Cassandra;| divided into two Comical Discourses.| In the first part is shown,| the unsufferable abuse of a lewd Magistrate,| the virtuous behaviour of a chaste Lady:| the uncontrolled lewdness of a favoured Courtesan,| and the undeserved estimation of a pernicious Parasite.| In the second part is discoursed,| the perfect magnanimity of a noble King| in checking Vice and favouring Virtue:| Wherein is shown| the Ruin and Overthrow of dishonest practices,| with the advancement of upright dealing.| (*Cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Library*; Part II. Vol. ii.)

In 1582 Whetstone included a prose version of the same story in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses,*—a version probably known to Shakespeare; it has even been inferred that "in this narrative he may well have caught the first glimpse of a composition with nobler proportions."

The old play of *Promos and Cassandra* may claim *the* distinction of having provided the rough material for *Measure for Measure*; the earlier production should be read in order to understand, somewhat at least, how Shakespeare has transformed his crude original; how he has infused into it a loftier motive; how he has ennobled its heroine, and created new episodes and new characters. The picture of the wronged, dejected mistress of the moated grange is wholly Shakespeare's.

Duration of Action. The time of action consists of four days:—

Day 1. Act I. Scene i. may be taken as a kind of prelude, after which some little interval must be supposed in order to permit the new governors of the city to settle

to their work. The rest of the play is comprised in three consecutive days.

Day 2 commences with Act I. Scene ii. and ends with Act IV. Scene ii.

Day 3 commences with Act IV. Scene ii. and ends with Act IV. Scene iv.

Day 4 includes Act IV. Scenes v. and vi., and the whole of Act V. which is one scene only (P. A. Daniel; *On the Times in Shakespeare's Plays; New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877-79).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Vincentio, Duke of Vienna, being desirous of introducing reforms into his government, particularly along the line of public morality, announces that he is to travel in distant lands, and delegates his authority to Angelo, a man renowned for probity in public and purity in private life. Instead of leaving the city, the Duke assumes the habit of a friar and remains to watch secretly the actions of his deputy. Claudio, a young gentleman of Vienna, wrongs his betrothed, Juliet, who is with child by him. Though the lovers contemplate early marriage, Claudio becomes amenable to an old law—till then obsolete—which fixes capital punishment for his sin. And the stern Angelo, anxious to make a striking example of the first offender brought before him, sentences Claudio to death. The latter's sister, Isabella, is on the point of entering a nunnery, but being advised of her brother's peril, resolves to intercede with the deputy.

II. Angelo vigorously prosecutes his work of reform in morality. In his zeal he has scant time for mercy; and Isabella at her first interview with him can obtain no leniency for her brother. But she awakens in Angelo a passion that had hitherto lain dormant in his cold nature. At her second interview with him he proposes in so many words that she purchase her brother's pardon with her own honour.

III. The virtuous maiden spurns the proffered terms and hastens to Claudio, in prison, whom she exhorts to

prepare for death, since his life can be procured only by her disgrace. Claudio at first upholds her decision; but the fear of death weakens his resolution and he implores her to yield for his sake. Isabella, deeply angered, is on the point of leaving him to his fate, when the disguised Duke—who has heard their conversation—enters the cell. He tells Isabella privately of a way by which she can save her brother without compromising herself. It is by appearing to yield to Angelo, appointing a rendezvous with him, and then sending in her stead one Mariana, who had been engaged in marriage to and then deserted by Angelo.

IV. The Duke takes Isabella to Mariana's house, where the details of the plan are arranged. Angelo, having accomplished his purpose with the supposed Isabella, sends an order to prison for the immediate execution of Claudio. The Duke is in the prison when the order arrives, and finds means to save Claudio by displaying the head of another man who had just died and who resembled him. The Duke then advises his deputy by letter that he will shortly return to the city.

V. The Duke appears at the city gates, clad in his proper costume. He is met by Angelo and other officials. Isabella publicly accuses Angelo of seduction and murder. The Duke feigns anger towards her and places her under arrest. Mariana in turn brings accusation. The Duke retires, leaving the inquiry in his deputy's hands, and shortly returns in his costume of friar in order to act as witness in the testimony of the two women. Circumstances in the trial force him to resume suddenly his rank as Duke; whereupon he visits merited condemnation upon Angelo, who is sentenced to death, after being married to Mariana for her own protection. The penalty is averted by the entreaties of the wife, seconded by the gentle Isabella. Claudio is released from prison and enjoined to wed with Juliet, while the Duke sues for the hand of Isabella.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Poet's Purpose in this Play.

The Puritans, who dreamed of leading the Christian Church back to its original purity, and who had returned home after their banishment during the reign of Mary with the ideal of a democratic Church before their eyes, could not possibly approve of a State Church subject to the crown, or of such an institution as Episcopacy. Some of them looked to Scottish Presbyterianism as a worthy model, and desired to see Church government by laymen, the elders of the congregation, introduced into England, in place of the spiritual aristocracy of the bishops. Others went still farther, denied the necessity of one common form of worship for all, and desired to have the Church broken up into independent congregations, in which any believer might officiate as priest. We have here the germs of the great party division in Cromwell's time into Presbyterians and Independents.

So far as we can see, Shakespeare took no interest whatever in any of these ecclesiastical or religious movements. He came into contact with Puritanism only in its narrow and fanatical hatred of his art, and in its severely intolerant condemnation and punishment of moral, and especially of sexual, frailties. All he saw was its Pharisaic aspect, and its often enough only simulated virtue.

It was his indignation at this hypocritical virtue that led him to write *Measure for Measure*. He treated the subject as he did, because the interests of the theatre demanded that the woof of comedy should be interwoven with the severe and sombre warp of tragedy. But what a comedy! Dark, tragic, heavy as the poet's mood—a tragi-comedy, in which the unusually broad and realistic comic scenes, with their pictures of the dregs of society, cannot relieve the painfulness of the theme, or disguise the positively criminal nature of the action. One feels throughout, even in the comic episodes, that Shakespeare's

burning wrath at the moral hypocrisy of self-righteousness underlies the whole structure like a volcano, which every moment shoots up its flames through the superficial form of comedy and the interludes of obligatory merriment.

And yet it is not really against hypocrisy that his attack is aimed. At this stage of his development he is far too great a psychologist to depict a ready-made, finished hypocrite. No, he shows us how weak even the strictest Pharisee will prove, if only he happens to come across the temptation which really tempts him; and how such a man's desire, if it meets with opposition, reveals in him quite another being—a villain, a brute beast—who allows himself actions worse a hundredfold than those which, in the calm superiority of a spotless conscience, he has hitherto punished in others with the utmost severity.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Isabella.

The humorous scenes would be altogether repulsive were it not that they are needed to present, without disguise or extenuation, the worst of moral license and corruption out of and above which rise the virginal strength and severity and beauty of Isabella. At the entrance to the dark and dangerous tragic world into which Shakspere was now about to pass stand the figures of Isabella and of Helena—one the embodiment of conscience, the other the embodiment of will. Isabella is the only one of Shakspere's women whose heart and eyes are fixed upon an impersonal ideal, to whom something abstract is more, in the ardor and energy of her youth, than any human personality. Out of this Vienna, in which

> "Corruption boils and bubbles
> Till it o'errun the stew,"

emerges this pure zeal, this rectitude of will, this virgin

sanctity. Isabella's saintliness is not of the passive, timorous, or merely meditative kind. It is an active pursuit of holiness through exercise and discipline. She knows nothing of a Manichæan hatred of the body; the life runs strongly and gladly in her veins; simply her soul is set upon things belonging to the soul, and uses the body for its own purposes. And that the life of the soul may be invigorated, she would bring every unruly thought into captivity, "having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience." . . .

Isabella does not return to the sisterhood of Saint Clare. Putting aside from her the dress of religion, and the strict conventual rule, she accepts her place as Duchess of Vienna. In this there is no dropping-away, through love of pleasure or through supineness, from her ideal; it is entirely meet and right. She has learned that in the world may be found a discipline more strict, more awful, than the discipline of the convent; she has learned that the world has need of her. Her life is still a consecrated life; the vital energy of her heart can exert and augment itself through glad and faithful wifehood, and through noble station, more fully than in seclusion. To preside over this polluted and feculent Vienna is the office and charge of Isabella, "a thing ensky'd and sainted."

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

IV.

Angelo.

Angelo is not so properly a hypocrite as a self-deceiver. For it is very considerable that he wishes to be, and sincerely thinks that he is what he affects and appears to be; as is plain from his consternation at the wickedness which opportunity awakens into conscious action within him. For a most searching and pregnant exposition of this type of character the reader may be referred to Bishop Butler's Sermon before the House of Lords on the 30th

of January; where that great and good man, whose every sentence is an acorn of wisdom, speaks of a class of men who "try appearances upon themselves as well as upon the world, and with at least as much success; and choose to manage so as to make their own minds easy with their faults, which can scarce be done without management, rather than to mend them." Thus Angelo for self-ends imitates sanctity, and gets taken in by his own imitation. His original fault lay in forgetting or ignoring his own frailty. As a natural consequence, his "darling sin is pride that apes humility"; and his pride of virtue, his conceit of purity, "my gravity wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride," while it keeps him from certain vices, is itself a far greater vice than any it keeps him from; insomuch that Isabella's presence may almost be said to *elevate* him into lust. And perhaps the array of low and loathsome vices, which the Poet has clustered about him in the persons of Lucio, the Clown, and Mrs. Over-done, was necessary to make us feel how unspeakably worse than any or all of these is Angelo's pride of virtue. It can hardly be needful to add, that in Angelo this "mystery of iniquity" is depicted with a truth and sternness of pencil, that could scarce have been achieved but in an age fruitful in living examples of it.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

The Duke.

The Duke has been rather hardly dealt with by critics. The Poet—than whom it would not be easy to find a better judge of what belongs to wisdom and goodness—seems to have meant him for a wise and good man; yet he has represented him as having rather more skill and pleasure in strategical arts and roundabout ways than is altogether compatible with such a character. Some of his alleged

reasons for the action he is going about reflect no honour on him; but it is observable that the result does not approve them to have been his real ones: his conduct at the end infers better motives than his speech offered at the beginning; which naturally suggests that there may have been more of purpose than of truth in his statement of them. A liberal, sagacious, and merciful prince, but with more of whim and caprice than suits the dignity of his place, humanity speaks richly from his lips; yet in his action the philosopher and divine is better shown than the statesman; and he seems to take a very questionable delight in moving about as an unseen providence, by secret counsels leading the wicked designs of others to safe and wholesome issues. Schlegel thinks "he has more pleasure in overhearing his subjects than in governing them in the usual way of princes"; and sets him down as an exception to the old proverb,—"A cowl does not make a monk": and perhaps his princely virtues are somewhat obscured by the disguise which so completely transforms him into a monk. Whether he acts upon the wicked principle with which that fraternity is so often reproached, or not, it is pretty certain that some of his means can be justified by nothing but the end: so that if he be not himself wrong in what he does, he has no shield from the charge but the settled custom of the order whose functions he undertakes. Schlegel justly remarks, that "Shakespeare, amidst the rancour of religious parties, delights in painting monks, and always represents their influence as beneficial; there being in his plays none of the black and knavish specimens, which an enthusiasm for Protestantism, rather than poetical inspiration, has put some modern poets upon delineating. He merely gives his monks an inclination to be busy in the affairs of others, after renouncing the world for themselves; though in respect of pious frauds he does not make them very scrupulous." As to the Duke's pardon of Angelo, though Justice seems to cry out against the act, yet in the premises it were still more unjust in him to do otherwise; the deception he has

practised upon Angelo in the substituting of Mariana having plainly bound him to the course he takes.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

The Minor Characters.

They [the comic scenes], as well as the loftier scenes of the piece, are but too faithful pictures of the degrading and hardening influence of licentious passion, from the lighter profligacy of Lucio, the dissipated gentleman, to the grosser and contented degradation of the Clown; and if these are all painted with the truth of Hogarth or Crabbe, they are depicted with no air of sport or mirth, but rather with that of bitter scorn. The author seems to smile like his own Cassius, "as if he mocked himself." Thus Elbow, in his self-satisfied conceit and pedantic ignorance, would appear, as some of the critics regard him, simply as an inferior version of Dogberry. But he is not a Dogberry in whose absurdities the author himself luxuriates, but one whose peculiarities are delineated with a contemptuous sneer. Lucio, again, is a character unfortunately too common in civilized, and especially in city, life—a gentleman in manners and education, and of good natural ability, made frivolous in mind and debased in sentiment and disposition by licentious and idle habits—thus substantially not a very different character from some of the lighter personages of the prior dramas; but he differs mainly from them because exhibited under a very different light, and regarded in a different temper. The others are represented in his scenes as they appeared to the transient acquaintance, or the companions of their pleasures. But the poet looks deeper into the heart and life of Lucio, and portrays this man of pleasure in the same mood which governs the higher and more tragic scenes of this drama—a mood sometimes contemptuous,

sometimes sad, often indignant, but never such as had been his former wont, either merely playful or imaginative. Thus it seems to me that, if his comic scenes excite mirth from their truth, it is a mirth in which the author did not participate; and their sarcastic humour assimilates itself in feeling to that of the stern and grave interest of the plot, and the strong passion of its poetic scenes. Characters, in themselves light and amusing, are branded with contempt from the degradation of licentious habits; while the same passion, in a form of less grossness, but of deeper guilt, prostrates before it high reputation, talent, and wisdom. The intellectual and amiable Claudio, willing to purchase "the weariest and most loathed worldly life," at any cost of shame and sin, is strangely contrasted with the drunken Barnardine, "careless, reckless, and fearless of what is past, present, or to come." Indeed, the higher characters are mainly discriminated from the lower ones, in this moral delineation, in that conscience is dull or dead in the latter, while it appears in all its terrors in Angelo and Claudio, and in all the majesty of purity in Isabella.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

VII.

The Play as a Whole.

There is very much in *Measure for Measure* that of itself would assign it to the period of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona, All's Well that Ends Well, Titus Andronicus, Love's Labour's Lost*—plays which are all equally remarkable for imperfections, and for the beauties and displays of genius associated with them. . . .

The city of Vienna is the scene of the play—it is represented as a very sink of sensual defilement, corrupted and ravaged in every physical and moral quality, the consequence of the suspension, for fourteen years, of the activity of most severe statutes framed to check the national tendency to grossness and licence. The delineation of

such a state of course presents us with images and persons disgusting and contemptible in every sense; and this is one great cause of the uncongenial effect of the entire play. The progress of public demoralization is rather exaggerated than relieved by the character of the reaction to which it has conduced. Dissoluteness in one quarter is compensated by austerity equally in excess in another, and the pride of unblushing and ostentatious vice is matched by equal parade of ostentatious virtue. The picture is a true one of the effect on morals of laws or maxims too severe to be executed; and the action of the play exhibits the farther disorder and complication resulting from the mere revival of unamended statutes, that had never become obsolete but for their need of amendment, and can scarcely have a better fate again. All the questions involved are brought to issue in the play, though it scarcely leaves assurance in conclusion that the instructive experience will have its full weight for the future. We are spectators of a receptacle of stagnant impurities in vehement ferment, and working through stages of decomposition, but the hope of ultimate purification is scarcely set forth so cheeringly as to compensate for the disagreeableness of what we witness.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

[*Measure for Measure*] is perhaps, after *Hamlet, Lear,* and *Macbeth,* the play in which Shakspeare struggles, as it were, most with the over-mastering power of his own mind; the depths and intricacies of being, which he has searched and sounded with intense reflection, perplex and harass him; his personages arrest their course of action to pour forth, in language the most remote from common use, thoughts which few could grasp in the clearest expression; and thus he loses something of dramatic excellence in that of his contemplative philosophy. . . . I do not value the comic parts highly: Lucio's impudent profligacy, the result rather of sensual debasement than

of natural ill disposition, is well represented; but Elbow is a very inferior repetition of Dogberry. In dramatic effect, *Measure for Measure* ranks high: the two scenes between Isabella and Angelo, that between her and Claudio, those where the Duke appears in disguise, and the catastrophe in the fifth act, are admirably written and very interesting; except so far as the spectator's knowledge of the two stratagems which have deceived Angelo may prevent him from participating in the indignation at Isabella's imaginary wrong which her lamentations would excite.

HALLAM: *Introduction to the Literature of Europe.*

In *Measure for Measure* Shakspeare was compelled, by the nature of the subject, to make his poetry more familiar with criminal justice than is usual with him. All kinds of proceedings connected with the subject, all sorts of active or passive persons, pass in review before us: the hypocritical lord deputy, the compassionate provost, and the hard-hearted hangman; a young man of quality who is to suffer for the seduction of his mistress before marriage, loose wretches brought in by the police, nay, even a hardened criminal, whom even the preparations for his execution cannot awaken out of his callousness. But yet, notwithstanding this agitating truthfulness, how tender and mild is the pervading tone of the picture! The piece takes improperly its name from punishment; the true significance of the whole is the triumph of mercy over strict justice; no man being himself so free from errors as to be entitled to deal it out to his equals. The most beautiful embellishment of the composition is the character of Isabella, who, on the point of taking the veil, is yet prevailed upon by sisterly affection to tread again the perplexing ways of the world, while, amid the general corruption, the heavenly purity of her mind is not even stained with one unholy thought: in the humble robes of the novice she is a very angel of light. When the cold and stern Angelo, heretofore of unblemished reputation,

whom the duke has commissioned, during his pretended absence, to restrain, by a rigid administration of the laws, the excesses of dissolute immorality, is even himself tempted by the virgin charms of Isabella, supplicating for the pardon of her brother Claudio, condemned to death for a youthful indiscretion; when at first, in timid and obscure language, he insinuates, but at last impudently avouches, his readiness to grant Claudio's life to the sacrifice of her honour; when Isabella repulses his offer with a noble scorn; in her account of the interview to her brother, when the latter at first applauds her conduct, but at length, overcome by the fear of death, strives to persuade her to consent to dishonour—in these masterly scenes, Shakspeare has sounded the depths of the human heart. The interest here reposes altogether on the represented action; curiosity contributes nothing to our delight, for the duke, in the disguise of a monk, is always present to watch over his dangerous representative, and to avert every evil which could possibly be apprehended; we look to him with confidence for a happy result. The duke acts the part of the monk naturally, even to deception; he unites in his person the wisdom of the priest and the prince. Only in his wisdom he is too fond of round-about ways; his vanity is flattered with acting invisibly like an earthly providence; he takes more pleasure in overhearing his subjects than governing them in the customary way of princes. As he ultimately extends a free pardon to all the guilty, we do not see how his original purpose, in committing the execution of the laws to other hands, of restoring their strictness, has in any wise been accomplished.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

In *Measure for Measure,* in contrast with the flawless execution of *Romeo and Juliet,* Shakespeare has spent his art in just enough modification of the scheme of the older play to make it exponent of this purpose, adapting its ter-

rible essential incidents so that Coleridge found it the only painful work among Shakespeare's dramas, and leaving for the reader of to-day more than the usual number of difficult expressions; but infusing a lavish color and a profound significance into it, so that under his touch certain select portions of it rise far above the level of all but his own best poetry, and working out of it a morality so characteristic that the play might well pass for the central expression of his moral judgements. It remains a comedy, as indeed is congruous with the bland, half-humorous equity which informs the whole composition, sinking from the heights of sorrow and terror into the rough scheme of the earlier piece; yet, it is hardly less full of what is really tragic in man's existence than if Claudio had indeed "stooped to death." Even the humorous concluding scenes have traits of special grace, retaining in less emphatic passages a stray line or word of power, as it seems, so that we watch to the end for the traces where the nobler hand has glanced along, leaving its vestiges, as if accidentally or wastefully, in the rising of the style. . . .

The action of the play, like the action of life itself for the keener observer, develops in us the conception of this poetical justice, and the yearning to realize it, the true justice of which Angelo knows nothing, because it lies for the most part beyond the limits of any acknowledged law. The idea of justice involves the idea of rights. But at bottom rights are equivalent to that which really is, to facts; and the recognition of his rights therefore, the justice he requires of our hands, or our thoughts, is the recognition of that which the person, in his inmost nature, really is; and as sympathy alone can discover that which really is in matters of feeling and thought, true justice is in its essence a finer knowledge through love.

> "'Tis very pregnant:
> The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,
> Because we see it; but what we do not see
> We tread upon, and never think of it."

It is for this finer justice, a justice based on a more delicate appreciation of the true conditions of men and things, a true respect of persons in our estimate of actions, that the people in *Measure for Measure* cry out as they pass before us; and as the poetry of this play is full of the peculiarities of Shakespeare's poetry, so in its ethics it is an epitome of Shakespeare's moral judgements. They are the moral judgements of an observer, of one who sits as a spectator, and knows how the threads in the design before him hold together under the surface: they are the judgements of the humourist also, who follows with a half-amused but always pitiful sympathy, the various ways of human disposition, and sees less distance than ordinary men between what are called respectively great and little things.

PATER: *Appreciations.*

Measure for Measure.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*
ANGELO, *Deputy.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord.*
CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a fantastic.*
Two other gentlemen.
PROVOST.
THOMAS, } *two friars.*
PETER, }
A Justice.
VARRIUS.
ELBOW, *a simple constable.*
FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*
POMPEY, *servant to Mistress Overdone.*
ABHORSON, *an executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*
FRANCISCA, *a nun.*
MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a bawd.*

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Vienna.*

Measure for Measure.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus.
Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency [you add
Due diligency] as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you 're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo. [*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo:—
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,

Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:

A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I 'll wait upon your honour.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal'?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There 's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou 'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

First Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Mistress Overdone.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs Ov. Well, well; there 's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Sec. Gent. Who 's that, I pray thee?

Mrs Ov. Marry, sir, that 's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Mrs Ov. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs Ov. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let 's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

Mrs Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the

sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Pompey.

How now! what 's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs Ov. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs Ov. But what 's his offence?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No, but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs Ov. Why, here 's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I 'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs Ov. What 's to do here, Thomas tapster? let 's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there 's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.
Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.
Claud. Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?
Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.
Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What 's thy offence, Claudio?
Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.
Lucio. What, is 't murder?
Claud. No.
Lucio. Lechery?
Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; besides, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I 'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this.

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. [*within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who 's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why, 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. It is true.

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:—
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full,—as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison,—even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge

With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that 's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power? Alas, I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I 'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight:
No longer staying but to give the Mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:

Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A hall in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants, behind.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. [*Aside*] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, and Officers with Froth and Pompey.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What 's your name? and what 's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here 's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he 's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How? thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir;—whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well;—you being then, if you be re-

membered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?—

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.
[*Exit Angelo.*
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I 'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He 's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What 's your name, Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't, then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart 's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow: come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*]
What 's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there 's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He 's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I 'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*]
I 'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, Judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.
Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood.
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*

See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter Isabella and Lucio.

Prov. God save your honour!
Ang. Stay a little while. [*To Isab.*] You 're welcome: what 's your will?
Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what 's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault 's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour!
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Give 't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say!

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He 's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, touch him; there 's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He 's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There 's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] That 's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder.
Nothing but thunder! Merciful heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;
He 's coming; I perceive 't.

Prov. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Art avised o' that? more on 't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. [*Aside*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark how I 'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to; 'tis well; away!
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [*Aside*] Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your worship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. 'Save your honour!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*

Ang. From thee,—even from thy virtue!
What 's this, what 's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,

With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in a prison.

Enter, severally, Duke disguised as a friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost. What 's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenced; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you: stay awhile, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I 'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. I 'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So, then, it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Jul. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you, *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray

To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who 's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd!

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleased you to do 't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that 's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;
To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I 'ld wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I 'ld yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one,—as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,—show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I 'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will:
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,

To follow as it draws! I 'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'ld yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in the prison.

Enter Duke disguised as before, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I 've hope to live, and am prepared to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st

Are nursed by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [*Within*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.
Duke. Dear sir, ere long, I 'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here 's your sister.
Duke. Provost, a word with you.
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*
Claud. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?
Isab. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.

Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The prenzie Angelo!
Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards? Dost thou think, Claudio?—
If I would yield him my virginity,

Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name.
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I 'ld throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling:—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile. [*Walks apart.*

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. What 's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.

The street before the prison.

Enter, on one side, Duke disguised as before; on the other, Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think

What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here 's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is 't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which

is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But

it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the Duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make

societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst:—much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you! [*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The moated grange at St. Luke's.

Enter Mariana and a Boy.

Boy sings.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
[*Exit Boy.*

Enter Duke disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music hath oft such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is

come even now. I shall crave your forbearance
a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for
some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come.
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this
way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.
Isab. I do desire the like.
Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.
Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*
Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Welcome, how agreed?
Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'
Mari. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:

To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tilth 's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the prison.

Enter Provost and Pompey.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he 's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hang-

man is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But, hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio.*]
By and by.—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night

Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio.

Duke. There 's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he 's just. [*Knocking within.*
Now are they come.
[*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.
[*Knocking within.*
How now! what noise? That spirit 's possess'd with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [*Giving a paper*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Prov. [*Reads*]
Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfac-

tion, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution,

and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the Duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another room in the same.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young Master Rash; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnardine.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what 's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant 's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all

night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that 's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart!
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*

Enter Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,

And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.
Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?
Duke. Let this be done.
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.
Prov. I am your free dependant.
Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.
[*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I 'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I 'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.
Prov. I 'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
Isab. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She 's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The Duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our covent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give:
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I 'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where 's the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he 's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why

meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes i' the morn; I 'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Ang. Good night. [*Exit Escalus.*

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;
For my authority bears of a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*

Scene V.

Fields without the town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me: [*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.
Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Street near the city-gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advised to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.
Mari. Be ruled by him.
Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure

He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The city-gate.

Mariana veiled, Isabella, and Friar Peter, at their stand. Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. } Happy return be to your royal Grace!
Escal. }

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo 's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her!—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,

If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger,—

Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That 's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. A warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to 't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of a tale,—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy,—

Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again. The matter;—proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,

And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know you 'ld fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! this 's a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself; 150
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused, 160
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.

[*Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo:
In this I 'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord: I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me. 170

Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow, then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you are nothing, then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?
Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk: for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.
Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.
Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.
Ang. Charges she moe than me?
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.
Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let 's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more!
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house

He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That 's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you till you have well determined

Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly. [*Exit Duke.*] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. 'Cucullus non facit monachum': honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I 'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she 'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers with Isabella; and Provost with the Duke in his friar's habit.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke 's in us; and we will hear you speak.
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke 's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him! We 'll
touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What, ' unjust '!

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,

Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts

enough upon him: let him speak no more.
Away with those giglets too, and with the other
confederate companion!

Duke. [*To the Provost*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir!
Why, you bald-pated lying rascal, you must be
hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage,
with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face,
and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a
Duke.
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.
[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar
and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke I pardon: sit
you down.
We 'll borrow place of him. [*To Angelo*] Sir, by
your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.
[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.
Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death! [*To Lucio*] Now, sir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I 'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I 'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit 's unprofitable; stand up, I say.

I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What 's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, with Barnardine, Claudio muffled, and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd:
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow 's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
[*Unmuffles Claudio.*
Duke. [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he 's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon.
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward.
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?
Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.
Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—

As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a Duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There 's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace; where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Absolute, decided; "be abs.," *i.e.* "make up your mind"; III. i. 5; perfect, V. i. 54.

Abuse, delusion; V. i. 205.

Accommodations, comforts; III. i. 14.

Advertise, instruct; I. i. 42.

Advertising, instructing; V. i. 387.

Advice, consideration; V. i. 468.

Affection, feeling; II. iv. 168.

Affections, passions; III. i. 108.

After, at the rate of; II. i. 246.

All-building, being the ground and foundation of all; II. iv. 94 (other suggested emendations; all-binding; all-holding).

Appliances, remedies, means; III. i. 89.

Appointment, equipment; III. i. 60.

Approbation; "receive her ap.," *i.e.* enter upon her probation; I. ii. 178.

As, though indeed; II. iv. 89.

Avised, advised, aware; II. ii. 132.

Bark, peel away; III. i. 72.

Bastard (used equivocally), a kind of sweet wine; III. ii. 4.

Bay, an architectural term for a division of a building, marked by the single windows or other openings; II. i. 246.

Beholding, beholden; IV. iii. 163.

Belongings, endowments; I. i. 30.

Billets, small logs of wood; IV. iii. 55.

Bite by the nose, to treat with contempt; III. i. 109.

Blench, start away; IV. v. 5.

Boldness, confidence; IV. ii. 163.

Bonds, obligations; V. i. 8.

Boot, advantage, profit; II. iv. 11.

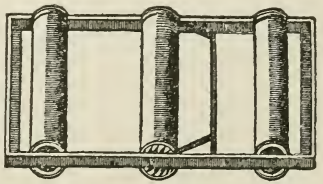
Bore in hand, kept in expectation; I. iv. 51-2.

Borne up, devised; IV. i. 48.

Bosom, heart's desire; IV. iii. 137.

Bottom; "to look into the b. of my place," *i.e.* "to know it thoroughly"; I. i. 79.

Brakes, instruments of torture. (See Notes.)



From an engraving in Steevens.

Bravery, finery; I. iii. 10.
Breeds; "my sense b. with it," *i.e.* "many new thoughts are awakened by it in me"; II. ii. 142.
Bum, alluding to Bumbast, cotton used to stuff out garments; II. i. 220.

From Bulwer's Pedigree of the English Gallant (1653).

Bunch of grapes, name of a room; it was the custom to name the several rooms in taverns; II. i. 132.

Censure, to pass judgement, or sentence, upon; I. iv. 72; II. i. 29.
Character, writing, outward mark; I. i. 28; handwriting, IV. ii. 202.
*Charact*s, characters; V. i. 56.
Cheap, of small value; III. i. 183.
Circummured, walled round; IV. i. 28.
Clack-dish, a wooden dish or box carried by beggars; III. ii. 134.

From an old French painting in the Ashmolean Museum.

Clap, to begin without delay; IV. iii. 41.
Close, to make peace, come to an agreement; V. i. 345.
Close, silent, secret; IV. iii. 121.
Cold, cool, deliberate; IV. iii. 102.
Combinate, betrothed; III. i. 229.
Combined, bound; IV. iii. 147.
Comes off well, is well told; II. i. 57.
Commodity, quantity of wares, parcel; IV. iii. 5.
Compact, leagued; V. i. 242.
Composition, compact; V. i. 220.
Concerning; "c. her observance," *i.e.* "which it concerns her to observe"; IV. i. 42.
Concupiscible, concupiscent; V. i. 98.
Confixed, fixed; V. i. 232.
Conserve, preserve; III. i. 88.
Constantly, firmly; IV. i. 21.
Consummate, being consummated; V. i. 382.
Continue, blunderingly misunderstood by Elbow to refer to some penalty or other; II. i. 195; to let live, IV. iii. 86.

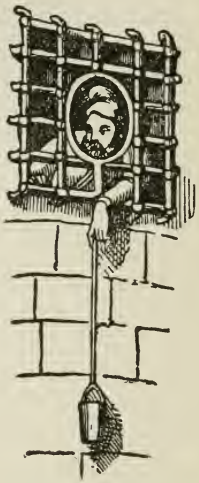
Contrarious, contradictory; IV. i. 62.
Convenient, fitting; IV. iii. 105.
Convented, summoned; V. i. 158.
Countenance, hypocrisy; V. i. 118.
Covent, convent; IV. iii. 131.
Creation; "their cr.," *i.e.* "their (men's) nature"; II. iv. 127.
Credent bulk, weight of credit; IV. iv. 28.
Credulous, readily yielding; II. iv. 130. "*Cucullus* non facit monachum," *i.e.* "All hoods make not monks"; V. i. 263.
Cunning, sagacity; IV. ii. 163.

Defiance, rejection, refusal; III. i. 143.
Definitive, resolved; V. i. 431.
Delighted, accustomed to ease and delight; III. i. 121.
Denunciation, declaration; I. ii. 147.
Deputation, deputyship; I. i. 21.
Desperately; "d. mortal," *i.e.* "terribly near death"; others, "desperate in his incurring of death"; "destined to die without hope of salvation"; IV. ii. 151.
Detected, charged, accused; III. ii. 129.
Determined, limited, bounded; III. i. 70.
Determines, assigns; I. i. 39.
Detest, Elbow's blunder for "protest"; II. i. 68.
Discover, recognise; IV. ii. 181.
Discover, expose; III. i. 197.
Dispenses with, excuses; III. i. 135.
Dissolution, death; III. ii. 237.
Disvalued, depreciated; V. i. 221.
Disvouched, contradicted; IV. iv. 1.
Dolours, used quibblingly with play upon "dollar"; I. ii. 50.
Draw; "as it refers to the tapster it signifies to drain, to empty"; as it is related to "hang" it means "to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle"; in Froth's answer it is the same as "to bring along by some motive or power"; II. i. 208.
Drawn in, taken in, swindled; II. i. 213.
Dressings, habiliments; V. i. 56.
Dribbling, weak; I. iii. 2.

Effects, expressions; III. i. 24.
Emmew, to coop up, "to force to lie in cover without daring to show themselves"; III. i. 91.
Enshield, concealed, enclosed; II. iv. 80.
Ensky'd, placed in heaven; I. iv. 34.
Entertain, desire to keep; III. i. 75.
Escapes, sallies; IV. i. 63.
Estimation, reputation; IV. ii. 28.
Evasion, excuse; I. i. 51.
Evils, privies; II. ii. 172.

Fact, crime; IV. ii. 141.

False, illegal; II. iv. 49.
Falsely, dishonestly, illegally; II. iv. 47.
Fault; "fault and glimpse," *i.e.* the faulty glimpse; a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority; I. ii. 157.
Favour, used equivocally with a play upon "favour" = "countenance"; IV. ii. 32; face, IV. ii. 182.
Fear, affright; II. i. 2.
Fear; "to give fear," = "to intimidate"; I. iv. 62.
Feodary (so Folios 2, 3, 4; Fol. 1 fedarie), originally one who holds an estate by suit or service to a superior lord, hence one who acts under the direction of another; here, "one of the human fraternity"; II. iv. 122.
Fewness and truth, briefly and truly; I. iv. 39.
File, multitude; III. ii. 144.
Fine, punish; II. ii. 40; III. i. 115.
Fine, punishment; II. ii. 40.
Flourish, adorn; IV. i. 75.
Flowery tenderness, i.e. a tender woman "whose action is no stronger than a flower" (*cp.* Sonnet LXV. 4); III. i. 83.
Foison, plenty; I. iv. 43.
Fond, foolish; II. ii. 187; V. i. 105; foolishly overprized; II. ii. 149.
Foppery, folly; I. ii. 132.
Forfeit, liable to penalty; III. ii. 205.
"*For the Lord's sake,*" the supplication of imprisoned debtors to the passers-by; IV. iii. 21.



For the Lord's Sake.
From Braithwait's Honest Ghost, or A Voice from the Vault (1658).

Free, liberal; V. i. 392.
French crown, a bald head produced by a certain disease; used equivocally; I. ii. 52.

Garden-house, summer-house; V. i. 212.
General, populace; II. iv. 27.
Generation, race; IV. iii. 91.
Generative, (?) begot; "a motion g."; "a puppet born of a female being" (but probably Theobald's emendation is correct—"ungenerative"); III. ii. 119.

Generous and gravest, i.e. most generous and most grave; IV. vi. 13.
Ghostly, spiritual; IV. iii. 48.
Giglets, giglots; wantons; V. i. 351.
Glassy essence; "that essential nature of man which is like glass, from its faculty to reflect the image of others in its own, and from its fragility, its liability to injury or destruction"; II. ii. 120.
Grace, good fortune, happiness; I. iv. 69.
Gradation, regular advance from step to step; IV. iii. 102.
Grange, a solitary farmhouse; III. i. 275.
Gratulate, gratifying; V. i. 533.
Gravel, flinty; IV. iii. 66.
Guard; "stands at a guard with," *i.e.* "is on his guard against"; I. iii. 51.
Guards, facings, trimmings; III. i. 97.

Hannibal, Elbow's error for "cannibal"; II. i. 181.
Happily, haply; IV. ii. 98.
Heavy, drowsy; sleepy; IV. i. 35.
Helmed, directed; III. ii. 151.
Hent, seized, taken possession of; IV. vi. 14.
Hide, suppress; V. i. 67.
His, its; IV. i. 31.
Home and home, to the quick; IV. iii. 146.
Hot-house, bathing-house; II. i. 65.

Ignomy (so Folio 1) = ignominy (which word suits the metre better); II. iv. 111.
Impartial, taking no part; V. i. 166.
Imports, carries with it; V. i. 108.
Importune, urge; I. i. 57.
Incertain, unsettled, vague; III. i. 127.
Informal, insane; V. i. 236.
In good time, so be it, very well; III. i. 181.
Iniquity, see Justice.
Insensible of, indifferent to; IV. ii. 151.
Instance, intimation; IV. iii. 132.
Invention, imagination; II.iv. 3.
Inward, intimate friend; III. ii. 138.
Issues, purposes; I. i. 37.

Journal, diurnal; IV. iii. 90.
Justice or Iniquity; "that is the constable or the fool; Escalus calls the latter Iniquity in allusion to the old Vice, a familiar character in the ancient moralites and dumb-shows"; II. i. 174.

Keeps, dwells; I. iii. 10.

Lapwing ("the bird diverts attention from its nest by flying to a distance and attracting the sportsman there by fluttering"); I. iv. 32.
Leaven'd, well fermented, ripened; I. i. 52.
Leiger, a *resident* ambassador at a foreign court; III. i. 59.

Like, likely to be believed; V. i. 104.
Limit, appointed time; III. i. 222.
Limited, appointed; IV. ii. 174.
Lists, bounds, limits; I. i. 6.
Loss of question, absence of any better argument; II. iv. 90.
Lower chair, an easy chair; II. i. 131.
Luxury, lust; V. i. 505.

Meal'd, sprinkled; IV. ii. 86.
Medlar, used wantonly for "woman"; IV. iii. 180.
Mere, particular; V. i. 152.
Metre (refers probably to the ancient metrical graces arranged to be said or sung); I. ii. 22.
Moe, more; "moe thousand deaths," *i.e.* "a thousand more deaths"; III. i. 40.
Mortality, death; I. i. 45.
Mother, abbess; I. iv. 86.
Motion, a thing endowed with movement; III. i. 120.
Mystery, trade; IV. ii. 29.

Nature, life; II. iv. 43.
No; "reason dares her no," *i.e.* "admonishes her not to do it"; IV. iv. 27.

Obstruction, stagnation of the blood; III. i. 119.
Office, service; V. i. 368.
Omit, pass by; IV. iii. 75.
Opposite, opponent; III. ii. 175.
Owe, possess, have; I. iv. 83; II. iv. 123.

Pace, to make to go (lit. to teach a horse to move according to the will of the rider); IV. iii. 135.
Pain, penalty; II. iv. 86.
Pain'd, put to trouble; V. i. 390.
Parcel-bawd, part bawd; II. i. 62.
Part; "my p. in him," *i.e.* "my office delegated to him"; I. i. 42.
Partial; "nothing come in p." *i.e.* "no partiality be allowed"; II. i. 31.
Particular, private; IV. iv. 29.
Passes, proceedings; V. i. 374.
Passing on, i.e. passing sentence on; II. i. 19.
Peaches, impeaches; IV. iii. 12.
Pelting, paltry; II. ii. 112.
Perdurably, everlastingly; III. i. 115.
Philip and Jacob, i.e. the feast of St. P. and St. J. (May 1st); III. ii. 214.
Piled; "a quibble between *piled,* peeled, stripped of hair, bald (from the French disease), and *piled* as applied to velvet; three-piled velvet meaning the finest and costliest"; I. ii. 35.
Planched, planked; IV. i. 30.
Pluck on, draw on; II. iv. 147.
Possess'd, informed; IV. i. 44.
Practice, plot; V. i. 107, 123.
Precept, instruction; "in action all of p." = "with actions intended to instruct me" (*i.e.* shewing the several turnings of the way with his hand); IV. i. 40.

Prefers itself, places itself before everything else; I. i. 55.
Pregnant, expert; I. i. 12; evident; II. i. 23.
Prenzie, prim; III. i. 94, 97.
Present; "p. shrift," *i.e.* "immediate absolution"; IV. ii. 217.
Presently, immediately; IV. iii. 80.
Preserved, kept pure; II. ii. 153.
Prints, impressions; II. iv. 130.
Probation, proof; V. i. 157.
Profanation, Elbow's blunder for "profession"; II. i. 55.
Profession, business; IV. iii. 2.
Profiting, taking advantage; II. iv. 128.
Prolixious, tiresome and hindering; II. iv. 162.
Prone and speechless, probably to be considered as equivalent to "speechlessly prone," *i.e.* speaking fervently and eagerly without words (or perhaps "prone" = deferential); I. ii. 183.
Proper, own; III. i. 30; V. i. 412; personally, peculiarly; I. i. 31.
Proper to, belonging to; V. i. 110.
Proportion, measure; I. ii. 23.
Proportions, portion, fortune; V. i. 219.
Provincial; "here p." = "under the jurisdiction of this ecclesiastical province"; V. i. 318.
Provokest, invokest; III. i. 18.
Put, compelled; I. i. 5.
Putting-on, incitement; IV. ii. 120.

Qualify, check; IV. ii. 86.
Question, consideration; I. i. 47.
Quests, spyings; IV. i. 62.
Quit, acquit, forgive; V. i. 487.

Race, natural disposition; II. iv. 160.
Rack, distort; IV. i. 65.
Ravin down, ravenously devour; I. ii. 128.
Rebate, make dull; I. iv. 60.
Received, understood; II. iv. 82.
Refell'd, refuted; V. i. 94.
Remission; "apt r." = a ready pardon, readiness to forgive; V. i. 502.
Remonstrance, demonstration; V. i. 396.
Remorse, pity; II. ii. 54; V. i. 100.
Remove, absence; I. i. 44.
Renouncement, renunciation of the world; I. v. 35.
Resolve, inform; III. i. 192.
Respected, misapplied by Elbow and Pompey (= suspected); II. i. 164, 167.
Restrained, forbidden; II. iv. 48.
Retort; "to refer back (to Angelo the cause in which you appealed from Angelo to the Duke)"; V. i. 303.

Salt, lustful; V. i. 405.
Satisfy your resolution, sustain your courage; III. i. 170.

Saucy, wanton; II. iv. 45.
Scaled, weighed (or perhaps "stripped" as of scales, unmasked; "foiled" has been suggested as an emendation); III. i. 264.
Scope, power; I. i. 65; licence; I. ii. 126; I. iii. 35.
Scruple, very small quantity; I. i. 38; doubtful perplexity; I. i. 65.
Secondary, subordinate; I. i. 47.
Sects, classes, ranks. II. ii. 5.
See = Rome; III. ii. 233.
Seeming, hypocrisy; II. iv. 150.
Seldom when, i.e. 'tis seldom that; IV. ii. 89.
Serpigo, a dry eruption on the skin; III. i. 31.
Several, different; II. iv. 2.
Shears; "there went but a pair of shears between us," *i.e.* "we are both of the same piece"; I. ii. 28.
Sheep-biting, thievish; V. i. 358.
Shield, forfend; "Heaven s. my mother play'd my father fair," *i.e.* "God grant that thou wert not my father's true son"; III. i. 141.
Shrewd, evil, mischievous; II. i. 253.
Sicles (the Folios "sickles"), shekels; II. ii. 149.
Siege, seat; IV. ii. 101.
Sith, since; I. ii. 35.
Smack, have a taste, savour; II. ii. 5.
Snatches, repartees; IV. ii. 6.
Sort and suit, rank and service (*i.e.* suit-service, due to a superior lord); IV. iv. 18.
Soul, "with special s.," *i.e.* with special liking; I. i. 18.
Spare, forbear to offend; II. iii. 33.
Splay (so first Folio; Steevens "spay"), to castrate; II. i. 234.
Stage, to make a show of; I. i. 69.
Stagger, waver, hesitate; I. ii. 164.
Starkly, stiffly, as if dead; IV. ii. 69.
Stays upon, waits for; IV. i. 47.
Stead, be of service to; I. iv. 17.
Stead up, to supply; III. i. 258.
Stew, cauldron; V. i. 321.
Story, subject of mirth; I. iv. 30.
Straitness, strictness; III. ii. 271.
Stricture, strictness; I. iii. 12.
Succeed, inherit; II. iv. 123.
Sufferance, suffering;; III. i. 80.
Sweat, the plague was popularly known as "the sweating sickness"; I. ii. 82.
Sweetness, self-indulgence; II. iv. 45.
Swinged, whipped; V. i. 130.

Tax, accuse; II. iv. 79.
Temporary meddler, one who meddles with temporal matters; V. i. 145.

Tick-tack. From a picture by Teniers.

Terms; "the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Terms de la Ley* was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law" (Blackstone); I. i. 11.

Tickle, unstable; I. ii. 171.

Tick-tack, a sort of backgammon (used equivocally); I. ii. 191.

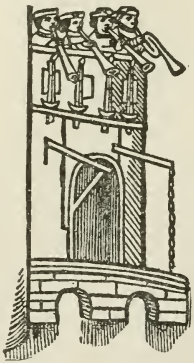
Tilth, tillage; I. iv. 44.

Tithe, seed to be sown; tenth of the harvest (probably an error for "tilth," *i.e.* land to be sown); IV. i. 76.

Touches, vices; III. ii. 25.

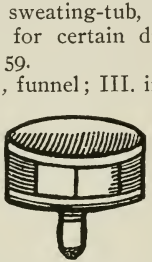
Touse, pull, tear; V. i. 313.

Trade, custom; established habit; III. i. 149.



From 'La tryumphante...entree faicte sur le...advenement de...prince... Charles des Hespaignes (*i.e.* Emperor Charles V.)...en sa ville de Bruges' (1515).

Transport, remove from one world to another; IV. iii. 70.
Trick, fashion; V. i. 509.
Trot, a contemptuous name, applied properly to an old woman; III. ii. 52.
Trumpets ("t. to the gate"), trumpeters; IV. v. 9.
Tub, the sweating-tub, used as a cure for certain diseases; III. ii. 59.
Tun-dish, funnel; III. ii. 182.



From Holme's Academy of Armory (1688).

Unfolding, releasing from the fold or pen; IV. ii. 213.
Ungenitured (?), impotent (perhaps "unbegotten"); III. ii. 184.
Ungot, not begotten; V. i. 142.
Unpitied, unmerciful; IV. ii. 13.
Unpregnant, unready, inapt; IV. iv. 22.
Unshunned, inevitable; III. ii. 62.
Unsisting, probably a misprint (in Folios 1, 2, 3) for "insisting" (the reading of Fol. 4), *i.e.* "persistent"; IV. ii. 92.
Untrussing; "untying the points or tagged laces which attached the hose or breeches to the doublet"; III. ii. 190.
Unweighing, injudicious; III. ii. 147.
Use, practices long countenanced by custom; I. iv. 62.
Use, interest, probably with a secondary sense of "exertion"; I. i. 41.

Vail your regard, lower your look; V. i. 20.
Vain; "for v." = in vain, to no purpose; II. iv. 12.
Vantage; "denies thee v.," *i.e.* "will avail thee nothing"; V. i. 417.
Vastidity, vastness; III. i. 69.
Veil full purpose, to cover his full p.; IV. vi. 4.
Viewless, invisible; III. i. 124.
Virtuous, beneficial; II. ii. 168.
Voice; "in my v." = "in my name"; I. ii. 180.
Vouch, affirmation; II. iv. 156.
Vulgarly, publicly; V. i. 160.

Warp, deviate; I. i. 15.
Warped, crooked, wry, unnatural; III. i. 142.
Wear, fashion; III. ii. 78.
Weeds; "*weed* is a term still commonly applied to an ill-conditioned horse" (Collier); emendations proposed: "steeds," "wills"; I. iii. 20.
Who = which; I. ii. 190.
Widow, to give as jointure; V. i. 428.
Wilderness, wildness; III. i. 142.
Woodman, one who hunts female game; IV. iii. 166.

Wrong; "done myself w.," *i.e.* "put myself in the wrong"; I. ii. 41.

Yare, ready; IV. ii. 60.

Yield; "y. you forth to public thanks," *i.e.* "yield public thanks to you"; V. i. 7.

Zodiacs, circuits of the sun, years; I. ii. 167.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 8, 9. There is no gap between '*sufficiency*' and '*as*' in the Folios. Theobald first advanced the plausible theory that the obscurity of the passage was due to some careless omission on the part of the printers. The Camb. Ed., accepting Theobald's theory, indicates the omission by means of dots. Various attempts have been made to explain the lines, *e.g.* "*But that to your sufficiences your worth is abled*" (Johnson); "*But your sufficiency as worth is able*" (Farmer); Theobald's suggestion has been adopted in the present edition.

I. i. 43. '*Hold therefore, Angelo*'; the Duke probably says these words on tendering commission to Angelo.

I. ii. 28. '*There went but a pair of shears between us;*' *i.e.* 'we are of one piece.'

I. ii. 119. '*by weight the words,*' so Ff., '*by weight; I' the words,*' Hanmer; perhaps, as Johnson conjectured, a line has dropped out.

I. ii. 120. *Cp. St. Paul to the Romans*, ix. 15, 18: "For He saith to Moses, I will have mercy *on whom I will* have mercy," and again, "Therefore hath He mercy *on whom He will* have mercy, and *whom He will* He hardeneth."

I. ii. 133. '*Morality*'; the Folios misprint '*mortality.*'

I. ii. 149. '*Propagation*'; Folio 1 reads *propogation*, corrected in Folio 2; *prorogation, procuration, preservation*, have been suggested by various editors, but the text as it stands is probably correct, though not altogether clear; '*propagation*' = 'increase'; perhaps the word implies 'increase of interest,' and '*for propagation*' = 'that she might continue to receive the interest, which was to be hers while she remained unmarried.'

I. iii. 10. '*and witless,*' F_2 F_3 F_4; F_1 '*witless*'; Nicholson conj. '*a* witless.'

I. iii. 27. '*Becomes,*' added by Pope (after Davenant); Ff. omit the verb.

I. iii. 43. '*To do in slander*'; so the Folios; '*me*' and '*it*' have

been suggested for '*in*,' but no change seems necessary; '*do in*' = 'bring in, bring upon me.'

I. iv. 54. '*givings-out*,' Rowe; Ff. '*giving-out*.'

I. iv. 78. '*make*'; Ff. '*makes*.'

II. i. 39. '*Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none*;' the line as it stands in the Folios—'*brakes of ice*'—which is kept by the Camb. ed., is obviously corrupt, and has occasioned much discussion. Shakespeare probably wrote '*brakes of vice*'; *brakes* = 'tortures, instruments of torture' (see Glossary); '*of vice*' = resulting from, or due to, vice; '*brakes of vice*' is antithetical to '*a fault alone*,' *cp. Henry VIII.*, I ii. 75—

> "*the rough brake*
> *That virtue must go through.*"

The passage seems to mean: 'some escape scot-free from the penalties of vice—*the rough brakes* that vice ought to go through, while others are condemned for a mere fault.'

II. i. 135. '*an open room*'; Schmidt, "public room"; perhaps it means 'open to sun, light, cheerful.'

II. ii. 79. '*Like man new made*'; commentators are strongly tempted to refer the words to '*new made man*,' *i.e.* Adam; Holt White paraphrased thus:—"And you Angelo, will breathe new life into Claudio, as the Creator animated Adam, by breathing into his nostrils the breath of life." Malone explains:—"You will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation." Schmidt and others, "like man redeemed and regenerated by divine grace." The lines are perhaps capable of this interpretation:—And mercy will breathe within your lips, even as Mercy (*i.e.* God) breathed within the lips of new made man.

II. ii. 90. "*Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam*," is a well-known maxim in law (Holt White).

II. ii. 159. '*Where prayers cross*,' *i.e.* where his prayer to possess Isabella crosses with hers, "Heaven keep your *honour* safe!"

II. iii. 11. '*the flaws of her own youth*'; possibly Warburton's correction, "*flames*," should be adopted; *cp.*

> '*To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,*
> *And melt in her own fire*.'—HAMLET, III. iv. 84.

II. iii. 40. '*O injurious love*' (Folios '*loue*'); Hanmer's suggestion, '*law*' for '*loue*,' has been generally accepted; the law respited her 'a life whose very comfort' was 'a dying horror.'

II. iv. 9. *fear'd*; probably a misprint = '*feared*,' *i.e.* '*seared*.'

II. iv. 103. '*That longing have been sick for*'; Rowe suggested, '*I've been sick for*'; for the omission of pronoun, *cp.* '*Has censured him*,' I. iv. 72.

II. iv. 172. '*O perilous mouths*'; the line is defective as it stands. (?) '*O pernicious mouths*' (Walker), or '*these perilous*' (Seymour).

III. i. 11. '*thou art death's fool;*' the phrase was possibly suggested by the introduction of the *fool* into most of the old *dances of death*, one of which was the original source of the accompanying initial from Stowe's Survey of London (1618).

III. i. 94, 97. *Prenzie*; the source of this strange word has baffled students; it seems identical with the Scottish *primsie*, 'demure, precise,' which in its turn is connected with *prim* (in Old French *prin pren*): under any circumstances there is no reason why the word should be changed, as has been proposed, to 'princely,' the reading of the 2nd Folio, or 'priestly,' 'pensive,' etc.

III. i. 123.

" or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;"

Cp. the following cut from Pynson's edition of the *Kalender of Shepherdes* (1506).

III. ii. 9. " The passage seems to us to imply, furred (that is, lined with lamb-skin fur inside, and trimmed with fox-skin fur outside) with both kinds of fur, to show that craft (fox-skin), being richer than innocency (lamb-skin), is used for decoration" (Clarke).

III. ii. 12-14. '*Good father friar*' . . . '*good brother father*'; the joke, as Tyrwhitt pointed out, would be clearer in French, '*mon père frère*' . . . '*mon frère père*.'

III. ii. 41. '*Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!*'

so F_2 F_3 (with comma after *seeming*); F_1 *'from our faults,'* etc., retained by Camb. Ed., but the reading adopted commends itself from metrical and other considerations, *i.e.*, "Would that we were as free from faults, as our faults are from seeming (hypocrisy)." Hanmer proposed, *'from our faults as from faults seeming free.'* If any correction is really necessary, one feels inclined to hazard—

'Free from our faults, as from false seeming, free.'

(*Cp.* *'thy false seeming,'* II. iv. 15.)

III. ii. 242. *'security enough to make fellowships accurst'*; *cp.* Prov. xi. 15.

III. ii. 276-298. These lines are in all probability not Shakespeare's.

III. ii. 280. *'Grace to stand, and virtue go;' i.e.* 'To have grace to stand firm, and virtue to go forward.'

III. ii. 289-292. *'How may likeness made in crimes,'* etc.; these lines do not readily admit of interpretation, and some corruption has probably crept into the text; Malone suggested *wade* for

made, i.e. "How may hypocrisy wade in crimes;" Hanmer, '*that likeness shading crimes,*' etc. None of the suggestions seem very satisfactory. Perhaps *to draw* = '*to—draw,*' *i.e.* 'pull to pieces' (?).

IV. i. 1. This song appears in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother,* with the addition of the following stanza, assuredly not Shakespeare's, though found in the spurious edition of his poems, (1640)—

> "*Hide, O hide those hills of snow*
> *Which thy frozen bosom bears,*
> *On whose tops the pinks that grow*
> *Are of those that April wears;*
> *But first set my poor heart free,*
> *Bound by those icy chains by thee.*"

IV. i. 13. "Though the music soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment" (Johnson).

IV. i. 76. '*tilth*'; Theobald's emendation for '*tithe,*' the reading of Ff., retained by Camb. Ed.

IV. ii. 45-49. *if it be too little—thief*; the Folios give this to *Clo.* (Pompey); Capell first transferred it to Abhorson, and he has been followed by most editors. Cowden Clarke defends the Folio arrangement; among other arguments he maintains that "the speech is much more in character with the clown's snip-snap style of chop-logic than with Abhorson's manner, which is remarkably curt and bluff."

IV. iv. 6. '*redeliver*'; Folio 1, '*re-liuer*'; Folio 2, '*deliuer*'; Capell first suggested '*redeliver.*'

IV. iv. 28. '*bears of a credent bulk*'; so Folios 1, 2, 3; many emendations have been proposed; the reading of F_4 seems the most plausible—'*bears off a credent bulk*'; '*credent bulk*' = 'weight of credit.'

V. i. 64. '*do not banish reason For inequality; i.e.* because of 'improbability,' 'incongruity,' or, according to some, 'partiality.'

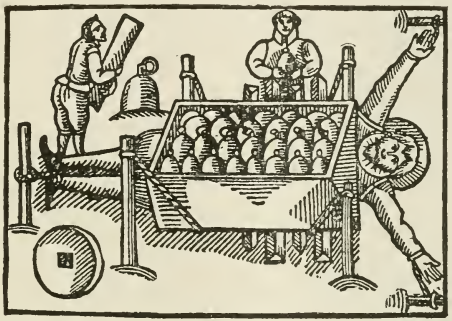
V. i. 323. "These shops," according to Nares, "were places of great resort, for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeitures.* It is not to be wondered that laws of that nature were as often laughed at as obeyed."

V. i. 359. '*be hanged an hour*' seems to have been a cant phrase, meaning little more than 'be hanged!'

V. i. 360. '*madest*,' monosyllabic; Ff. '*mad'st*'; Capell '*made*.'

V. i. 496. '*Give me your hand*'; *i.e.* 'if you give me your hand.'

V. i. 526. "*pressing to death*," = "*peine forte et dure*": illustrated by the accompanying drawing.



From 'The Life and Death of Griffin Hood . . .' (1623).

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

11. *terms*:—Blackstone says: "An old book, called *Les Termes de la Ley,* was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law." The book was written in the time of Henry VIII., and was used in Blackstone's time.

31. *so proper*:—So much or so exclusively thy own property.

37. *to fine issues*:—That is, to noble ends, to high purposes.

37. *nor Nature*:—Two negatives, not making an affirmative, are common in Shakespeare's writings. So in *Julius Cæsar,* III. i.: "*Nor* to *no* Roman else."

43. *Hold therefore, Angelo*:—Tyrwhitt thinks the Duke here checks himself—*Hold, therefore:* and that *Angelo* begins a new sentence. But *hold* seems addressed to Angelo; the sense being—"Hold, therefore, our power"; referring to the commission which the Duke has in his hand. "These," says Douce, "are words of great import, and ought to be made clear, as on them depends the chief incident of the play."

45, 46. *Mortality*, etc.:—That is, I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy.

Scene II.

94. *houses in the suburbs*:—In one of the Scotch Laws of James

it is ordered, "that *common women* be put at the utmost endes of townes, queire least peril of fire is."

120. *The words of heaven*:—Authority, being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled by Claudio *the demigod,* whose decrees are as little to be questioned as *the words of heaven.* The Poet applies to this uncontrollable power a passage from Paul's *Epistle to the Romans,* ix. 15, 18, which he styles *the words of heaven*: "for he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy," etc.; and again: "Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy," etc.

128. *Like rats that ravin down,* etc.:—In the same sense of *ravenously devour, ravin up* is used in *Macbeth,* II. iv. In Chapman's *Revenge for Honour* are these lines:—

> "Like poison'd rats, which, when they 've swallow'd
> The pleasing bane, rest not until they *drink,*
> And can rest then much less, until they burst."

147. *denunciation*:—*Denounce* was sometimes used in the sense of publish, proclaim, or *announce.* Thus in Holinshed and others we have the phrase, "*denouncing* war." So, also, in Raleigh's *History of the World*: "But Gracchus's soldiers, which were all, in a manner, the late armed slaves, had received from their general a peremptory *denunciation,* that, this day, or never, they must purchase their liberty, bringing every man, for price thereof, an enemy's head."

149. A singular use of *propagation.* The word here probably means *continuance,* or perhaps increase. In Chapman's *Odyssey,* xvi., occurs this passage:—

> "to try if we,
> Alone, may propagate to victory
> Our bold encounters;"

and again, in Chapman's *Iliad,* iv.:—

> "I doubt not but this night
> Even to the fleete to propagate the Greek's unturned flight."

So also in Dryden's *Virgil*:—

> "Afric and India shall his power obey;
> He shall extend his *propagated* sway
> Beyond the solar year, without the starry way."

In the present case the meaning would be, that the lovers put off their marriage with a view to *continue* the prospect, to *keep up* the chance, of a dower, until time should favourably dispose the wills of those upon whom the lady's fortune was dependent.

183. *prone*:—There are many different explanations of this word among the editors and commentators. Malone takes it to mean "significant, expressive"; Steevens and White, "humble"; Nares, "prompt, ready"; Clarke, "deferential, gently submissive"; Hunter, "affectionate". Hudson (Harvard ed.) makes it signify "apt, ready, prompt," and adds: "The meaning of the passage seems to be, 'There is an apt and silent eloquence in her looks such as moves men.'" Upon Davenant's change of the word to "sweet," Steevens remarks that it shows "that what appear difficulties to us were difficulties to him, who, living nearer the time of Shakespeare, might be supposed to have understood his language more intimately."

Scene III.

2. *dribbling*:—"*Dribble,*" says Richardson, "is a diminutive of *drib,* from *drip,* and means to do a thing by drips or drops." The sense of *dribbling,* therefore, is *trifling, ineffective.* Thus in Holland's *Livy*: "Howbeit, there passed some *dribbling* skirmishes between the rearward of the Carthaginians and the vauntcouriers of the Romans." So also in Milton's *Apology for Smectymnus*: "For small temptations allure but *dribbling* offenders!" Respecting the use of the term in archery, Ascham, in his *Toxophilus,* says of one who, having learned to shoot well, neglects to practise with the bow: "He shall become, of a fayre archer, a starke squyrter and *dribber.*"

3. *complete bosom*:—A bosom completely armed. Accented on the first syllable.

41-43. *Who may . . . slander*:—This is the reading of the original. The passage has often been printed thus:—

> "And yet my nature never in the *sight*
> To do *it* slander."

The words *ambush* and *strike home* show the image of a *fight* to have been in the Poet's mind. As the text stands, the speaker's purpose apparently is to avoid any open contest with crime, where his action would expose him to slander; not to let his person be

seen in the fight, where he would have to work, *to do,* in the face of detraction and censure.

Scene IV.

30. *make me not your story*:—Such is the reading of the original; the *me* being expletive, as in the well-known passage setting forth the virtues of sack. "It ascends *me* into the brain," etc. So that the meaning is, "Make not your tale, invent not your fiction." Malone changed the passage thus: "Sir, mock me not,—your story"; which, surely, renders Lucio's reply, *'tis true,* very unapt.

32. *lapwing*:—This bird diverts pursuers from her nest by fluttering and crying in other places. "The lapwing cries most, farthest from her nest," is an old proverb. So in *The Comedy of Errors,* IV. ii. 27, 28:—

> "Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
> My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse."

So again, in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*: "You resemble the lapwing, who cryeth most where her nest is not; and so, to lead me from espying your love for Campaspe, you cry Timoclea."

51, 52. *Bore . . . in hand*:—To bear in hand is to carry along with one, or lead along with false hopes or expectations. The phrase is frequent in Shakespeare. So in *2 Henry IV.,* I. ii.: "A rascally yea-forsooth knave! to *bear a gentleman in hand,* and then stand upon security!"

62. *to give fear to use,* etc.:—That is, to put the restraint of fear upon licentious custom and abused freedom.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

6. *fall*:—A causative verb here, *fall* means to *throw down,* make fall, or let fall. Often so in Shakespeare.

15. *which now,* etc.:—To complete the sense of this line *for* seems to be required—"which now you censure him *for.*" But Shakespeare frequently uses elliptical expressions.

65. *she professes a hot-house*:—Professes, or pretends, *to keep* a hot-house. *Hot-houses* were bagnios supplied with vapour-baths; but under this name other accommodations were often furnished.

92. *distant*:—Pompey, catching Elbow's trick of speech, here uses *distant* for *instant*.

129. *All-hallond eve*:—The *eve of* (evening before) All Saints' day.

131. *a lower chair*:—Most houses had formerly what was called a *lower chair*, that is, an easy chair, designed for the comfort of sick people, and sometimes occupied by lazy ones.

132. *Bunch of Grapes*:—Such names were often given to rooms in the Poet's time. So in the Will of Henry Harte, we read of a "chamber called the Half-moon. In 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv. are mentioned the *Half-moon* and the *Pomgarnet* (*Pomegranate*).

Scene II.

35, 36. *let it be his fault*, etc.:—That is, let my brother's fault die, but let not him suffer.

40. *fine the faults*:—To punish the faults whose punishment is provided for in the law.

85. *of season*:—In proper season; when they are mature or fit.

95. *Looks in a glass*:—Alluding to the magic glasses or mirrors of fortune-tellers and witches, whereby they professed to reveal the future. See *Macbeth*, IV. i. for the use made of such a glass by the Weird Sisters.

100-104. *I show it most*, etc.:—So in Sir Matthew Hale's *Memorials*: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember that there is a mercy likewise due to the country."

122, 123. *with our spleens*, etc.:—By *spleens* Shakespeare meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, which inclines it to a spiteful and unseasonable mirth. Had the angels that, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion unworthy of that prerogative.

136. *skins the vice o' the top*:—Shakespeare has used this metaphor again in *Hamlet*, III. iv.: "It will but skin and film the ulcerous place." Only in these two passages does the Poet use the verb *skin*.

142. "Such sense as breeds a response in my mind."

157. *Heaven keep your honour safe!*—Isabella prays that his

honour may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his mind is caught by the word *honour*, he feels that it is in danger, and therefore says amen to her benediction.

159. *Where prayers cross*:—The petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," is here regarded as *crossing* or intercepting the way in which Angelo is going: he is exposing himself to temptation by the appointment for the morrow's meeting. The passage is thus explained by Heath: "'For I am labouring under a temptation of that peculiar and uncommon kind, that prayers, and every other act of piety and virtue, tend to inflame, instead of allaying it.' For it was the very piety and virtue of Isabella that gave an edge to the lust of Angelo."

172. *evils*:—This term for privies is used again in *Henry VIII.*, II. i.: "Nor build their evils on the graves of great men." No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion. The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See *2 Kings* x. 27.

Scene III.

36. *There rest*:—There stand or remain; or, keep yourself in that frame of mind.

Scene IV.

3. *Invention*:—This term for imagination is found in other plays. So in *Henry V.*, I., *Prologue, Chorus*:—

> "O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
> The brightest heaven of invention."

12-15. *O place, . . . seeming!*—Shakespeare judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frighted and wise men allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye are easily awed by splendor; those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power.

17. *the devil's crest*:—The crest was often emblematic of something in the wearer; such, for example, as his ancestral name. *The devil's horn* is *the devil's crest*; but if we write "good angel" on it, the emblem is overlooked in the "false seeming"; we think it is not the devil's horn, because itself tells us otherwise, and is in no manner emblematic of him.

27. *The general*:—The *people* or *multitude* subject to a king. So in *Hamlet*, II. ii.: "The play . . . pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general." It is supposed that Shakespeare, in this passage, and in one before, I. ii., intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James I., which made him so impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, at his first coming, that he restrained them by a proclamation.

46-49. *'tis all as easy*, etc.:—The thought is, apparently, that murder is as easy as fornication; and the inference which Angelo would draw is, that it is as wrong to pardon the latter as the former.

56. *give my body*:—Isabel uses the words *give my body* in a different sense than Angelo. Her meaning is, "I had rather *die* than forfeit my eternal happiness by the prostitution of my person."

57, 58. *our compell'd sins*, etc.:—That is, actions that we are compelled to, however numerous, are not imputed to us by heaven as crimes.

79. The *masks* worn by female spectators of the play are here probably meant. At the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet* we have a passage of similar import:—

> "These happy *masks* that kiss fair ladies' brows,
> Being *black*, put us in mind they hide the fair."

90. *in the loss of question*:—That is, conversation that tends to nothing.

121, 123. *Else let my brother die*, etc.:—A very obscure passage. The word *this* is adopted by Mr. Collier from an old manuscript note in a copy of the first Folio belonging to Lord Francis Egerton. With this change, the passage, though still obscure, makes good sense enough: "If we are not *all frail*—if my brother have no *feodary*, that is, no companion, one holding by the same tenure of frailty—if he alone be found to *own and succeed* to this weakness —then let him die."

127. *men their creation mar*:—The meaning appears to be, that men debase their natures by taking advantage of women's weakness. She therefore calls on Heaven to assist them.

145-147. *your virtue*, etc.:—Your virtue assumes an air of *licentiousness*, which is not natural to you, on purpose to try me.

162. *prolixious blushes*:—What Milton has elegantly called "sweet, reluctant, amorous *delay*."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

11. Death and his fool were personages that once figured on the stage. Douce relates having seen a play at a fair, in which Death bore a part, attended by a fool or clown; the person that represented Death being habited in a close black vest so painted as to look like a skeleton. Douce also had an old woodcut, one of a series representing the Dance of Death, in which the fool was engaged in combat with his adversary, and buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles. In all such performances, the rule appears to have been, that the fool, after struggling long against the stratagems of Death, at last became his victim.

17. *Worm* is put for any creeping thing or *serpent.* Shakespeare adopts the vulgar error, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked.* In old tapestries and paintings the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow.

34. *Dreaming on both*:—This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.

36. *palsied eld*:—*Trembling old age.* In youth, which is or ought to be the *happiest* time, man commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld*; must beg alms from the coffers of hoary avarice; and, being very niggardly supplied, *becomes as aged,* looks like an old man on happiness beyond his reach. And when he is *old and rich,* when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment.

70. *To a determined scope*:—A confinement of your mind to one idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped.

79-81. *the poor beetle,* etc.:—This beautiful passage is in all our minds and memories, but it most frequently stands in quotation detached from the antecedent line—"The sense of death is most

in apprehension;" without which it is liable to an opposite construction. The meaning is, that fear is the principal sensation in death, which has nò pain; and the giant when he dies feels no greater pain than the beetle.

100, 101. *he would 'give't thee,* etc.:—That is, "*from the time* of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety."

108 *et seq. Has he affections,* etc.:—"Has *he* passions that impel him to transgress the law at the very moment that he is enforcing it against others? Surely then it cannot be a sin so very heinous, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it." Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio.

121-123. *the delighted spirit,* etc.:—This passage is a standing puzzle to commentators; "fiery floods" and "region of thick-ribbed ice" being, as one would think, among the last places to be *delighted* in. The most common explanation is, that *delighted spirit* means the spirit that has been delighted, or is accustomed to delight.

123. *region of thick-ribbed ice*:—So in Ben Jonson's *Catiline,* I. i.: "We are spirit-bound in *ribs of ice,* our whole bloods are one stone, and honour cannot thaw us;" and in *Paradise Lost,* Book ii.—

> "From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
> Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
> Immovable-infix'd, and frozen round,
> Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire."

275. *grange*:—A *grange* was a large farm-house, such as are often kept for summer residence by wealthy citizens. The grange was sometimes *moated* for defence and safety. The dreary and desolate solitude of Mariana at the moated grange is wrought out with great power by Tennyson, in a poem from which we have room for but one stanza:

> "Her tears fell with the dews at even,
> Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
> She could not look on the sweet heaven,
> Either at morn or eventide.
> After the flitting of the bats,
> When thickest dark did trance the sky,
> She drew her casement curtain by,
> And glanc'd athwart the glooming flats

She only said, 'The night is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'"

The whole poem is a rare specimen in the art of creating imagery so fitted to a given tone of feeling as to reproduce the feeling itself.

Scene II.

18. *picklock*:—It is not necessary to take honest Pompey for a housebreaker: the locks he had occasion to pick were Spanish padlocks. In Jonson's *Volpone,* Corvino threatens to make his wife wear one of these strange contrivances.

41. That is, as free from faults as faults are from *seemliness.*

42. His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a cord. The friar wore a rope for a girdle.

47, 48. *is there none of Pygmalion's images,* etc.:—That is, have you no new courtesans, as fresh as Pygmalion's living statue, to recommend to your customers?

59. *in the tub*:—The method of cure for a certain disease was grossly called *the powdering tub.*

74. *keep the house*:—That is, stay at home, alluding to the etymology of *husband.*

134. *clack-dish*:—This wooden dish, formerly carried by beggars, had a movable cover, which they *clacked* or clattered to show that it was empty. It was one mode of attracting attention. Lepers and other paupers deemed infectious originally used it, that the sound might give warning not to approach too near, and alms be given without touching the object.

144. "The *greater file,*" the majority of his subjects.

184. *ungenitured*:—That is, unfathered, not begotten after the ordinary course of nature; in accordance with what Lucio says of him a little before.

192. *mutton*:—A wench was called a *laced mutton.* In *Doctor Faustus,* 1604, Lechery says, "I am one that loves an inch of raw *mutton* better than an ell of stock-fish." See the *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* I. i.

242. *security*:—The allusion is to those legal *securities* into which fellowship leads men to enter for each other. For this quibble Shakespeare has high authority: "He that hateth *suretyship is sure.*"—Proverbs, xi. 15.

264. *resolved*:—That is, satisfied; probably because conviction leads to decision or resolution.

280. Coleridge, in his *Literary Remains,* remarks upon this passage: "Worse metre indeed, but better English would be, 'Grace to stand, virtue to go.'"

286. *my vice*:—The Duke's *vice* may be explained by what he says himself, I. iii.: "'Twas *my fault* to give the people scope." Angelo's vice requires no explanation.

287 *et seq. O, what may man,* etc.:—This passage, though rather dark in itself, is intelligible enough, when we consider that the speaker has Angelo in his mind; who, bad as he is, has by his hypocrisy managed to raise himself as high as merit could lift him. *Likeness* apparently has much the same meaning here as what the Poet elsewhere calls "virtuous-seeming." So that the passage may be rendered thus: How may seeming virtue, unsubstantial as it is, and wickedly put on, by practising upon the times draw to itself the greatest of earthly honours and emoluments, even while it is rioting in crime!

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* It does not appear certain to whom this beautiful little song rightly belongs. It is found with an additional stanza in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother.* Malone prints it as Shakespeare's, Boswell thinks Fletcher has the best claim to it, Weber that Shakespeare may have written the first stanza, and Fletcher the second. It may indeed be the property of some unknown or forgotten author.

Scene II.

53. *ask forgiveness*:—It was formerly the custom for an executioner, before proceeding to his office, to *ask forgiveness* of the person to be executed.

83. *Stroke* is here put for the *stroke* of a pen, or a line.

135. *a prisoner nine years old*:—That is, nine years in prison.

151. Perhaps we should read *mortally desperate*; as we have *harmonious charmingly* for *charmingly harmonious* in *The Tempest.*

163. *in the boldness of my cunning*:—That is, in the *confidence* of my *sagacity*.

186. *bared*:—This probably alludes to a practice of desiring to receive the *tonsure* of the monks before they died.

213. *the unfolding star*:—So Milton in *Comus*:—

> "The star that bids the shepherd fold
> Now the top of heaven doth hold."

Scene III.

4 *et seq.* This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakespeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. *Rash* was a silken stuff formerly worn in coats; all the names are characteristic.

6. *brown paper . . . ginger*:—It was the practice of money-lenders in Shakespeare's time, as well as more recently, to make advances partly in goods and partly in cash. The goods were to be resold generally at an enormous loss upon the cost price, and of these commodities it appears that *brown paper* and *ginger* often formed a part. In Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592: "If he borrow a hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares as lute-strings, hobby-horses, or *brown paper*."

21. *for the Lord's sake*:—It appears from an ancient Epigram, that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt addressed passengers: "Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake,* like *Ludgate prisoners,* Io, I, begging, make my mone." And in Nash's *Pierce Penniless,* 1593: "At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeting,* and thus crying *for the Lord's sake* out of an iron window."

91. That is, to the people dwelling on the earth below.

102. *well-balanced form*:—The original has "*weal-balanc'd* form"; which may indeed possibly be right, referring to the state —*balanc'd* for the public *weal*; but this sense is so far-fetched and improbable, that it can scarcely be the Poet's.

164. *lives not in them*:—That is, he depends not on them.

166. *woodman*:—A *woodman* was a hunter. It is here used in a wanton sense for a hunter of a different sort of game. So, Falstaff asks his mistresses in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Am I a woodman? Ha!" This use of the word may have sprung from the consonance of *deer* and *dear*; as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Chances,* I. viii.:—

> "Well, well, son John,
> I see you are a *woodman,* and can choose
> Your *deer,* though it be i' the dark."

Scene IV.

18. Figure and rank.

27. *dares her no*:—This is commonly printed thus: "Yet reason dares her? no; for my authority," etc.; in which case *dares* has the sense of *prompt, challenge,* or *call forth,* as in 1 *Henry IV.,* V. ii.:—

> "Unless a brother should a brother *dare*
> To gentle exercise and proof of arms."

"Does reason move her to expose me?—No; the drawings of reason are all the other way"; which certainly yields an apt and clear meaning enough. Yet we give the passage as it stands in the original. Nor is the sense much less clear and apt as there printed. For *dare,* used transitively, may well have, and often has, the effect to keep or dissuade one from doing a thing; as if one should say—"I *dared* him to strike me, and he *durst* not do it." So in the text as we give it the sense plainly is—"Yet reason bids her *not* expose me"; the effect of that bidding being expressed by *no*; reason *threatens* and *overawes* her, so that she *dare not* do it. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Chances,* III. iv.:—

> "His sister that you nam'd 'tis true I have long lov'd,
> As true, I have enjoy'd her; no less truth,
> I have a child by her: but that she, or he,
> Or any of that family, are tainted,
> Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
> I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no.*"

That is, to satisfy the world that *'tis not so.* So also in *A Wife for a Month,* by the same authors: "I'm sure he did not, for I charged him *no*"; that is, charged him *not to do it.* But indeed this use of *no* is not uncommon in the old writers. The *of* after *bears,* in the next line, seems to have a partitive sense: "For my authority *carries so much of weight,*" etc.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

64, 65. *do not banish . . . inequality*:—The meaning appears to be, "Do not suppose me mad because I speak inconsistently or *unequally*."

66. Let your reason serve to discover the truth, where it lies hid, and to refute the false, where it seems true.

90. That is, *suited* to the matter; as in *Hamlet*: "The phrase would be more germane to the matter."

205. *Abuse* stands in this place for *deception* or *puzzle*. So in *Macbeth*: "My strange and self-*abuse*"; meaning this *strange deception* of myself.

212. *Garden-houses* were formerly much in fashion, and often used as places of clandestine meeting and intrigue. They were chiefly such buildings as we should now call *summer-houses*, standing in a walled or enclosed garden in the suburbs of London.

236. *Informal* signifies *out of their senses*. So in *The Comedy of Errors*, V. 1: "To make of him a *formal* man again." The speaker had just before said that she would keep Antipholus of Syracuse, who is behaving like a madman, till she had brought him to his right wits again.

280. *light*:—This is one of the words on which Shakespeare delights to quibble. Thus Portia, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*."

318. *Provincial* is pertaining to a province; most usually taken for the circuit of an ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The chief or head of any religious order in such a province was called the provincial, to whom alone the members of that order were accountable.

323, 324. *barber's shop*, etc.:—Barbers' shops were anciently places of great resort for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeits*; which were *as much in mock as mark*, because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also because they were of a ludicrous nature.

359. *be hanged an hour!*—"What, Piper ho! be *hang'd awhile*," is a line in an old madrigal. And in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* we have: "Leave the bottle behind you, and be *curst awhile*."

That is, be *hang'd,* be *curst*; *awhile* being, like *an hour* in the text, merely a vulgar expletive.

396. *rash remonstrance*:—That is, "a premature *display*" of it. Perhaps we should read *de*monstrance; but the word may be formed from *remonstrer,* French, *to show again.*

400. *That brain'd my purpose*:—We still use in conversation a like phrase: "that knocked my design on the head."

415. *Measure* still *for measure* appears to have been a current expression for retributive justice. So in 3 *Henry VI.,* II. vi.: "*Measure for Measure* must be answered." Perhaps the proverb grew from the Scripture—"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

417. *though thou wouldst deny,* etc.:—That is, "To deny which will avail thee nothing."

438. *kneel down in mercy*:—That is, to beg for mercy on this act.

443-445. *best men . . . bad*:—On the principle that Nature or Providence often uses our vices to scourge down our pride; as in *All's Well that Ends Well,* IV. iii.: "Our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not."

456, 457. *must be buried,* etc.:—Like the traveller, who dies on his journey, is obscurely interred, and thought of no more.

501. *her worth worth yours*:—That is, "her value is equal to yours; the match is not unworthy of you."

Questions on

Measure for Measure.

1. What is the first printed record of the play? Is there any evidence that it was produced in Shakespeare's day? What facts are used to fix the probable date of the play?

2. Indicate the Italian and English sources of the plot. What part is wholly Shakespeare's? How much time is employed in the action of the play?

3. Does it take place on consecutive days?

4. Mention the attributive epithets that Shakespeare affixes to some of the dramatis personæ. What do you take this to indicate as to the nature, in the main, of the play?

ACT FIRST.

5. What tribute does the Duke pay to Escalus's talents? With what office does he invest Angelo? How are the two men to be associated?

6. What is Escalus's opinion of Angelo?—what is the Duke's?

7. What is the keynote of Angelo's first speech?

8. In what condition does the Duke leave the State? Is he to renounce all duties and functions during his absence?

9. What view of himself does the Duke give in declining an escort out of the city?

10. How do you characterize Sc. i. as contributory to the plot? What time is likely to have elapsed between Scenes i. and ii.?

11. Give your inference concerning the spirit of the play from the pitch that is taken in Sc. ii. before the entrance of Mistress Overdone.

12. What trait of character allies her with Mistress Quickly; the Nurse of *Romeo and Juliet*, etc.?

13. To indicate Shakespeare's breadth of tolerance, what mention of a virtue of Claudio's do we find following close upon the heels of his besetting vice?

14. What edict does Pompey report? Point out the comedy of this whole passage between Pompey and Mistress Overdone.

15. Of Angelo's administration what first act do we see? What is its moral implication?

16. Does Claudio, in his first speech, suggest something of the quality of Hamlet's nature?

17. Explain the nature of the relation between Claudio and Juliet. What does Claudio say of the legal act that was applied to their case? In what light does Angelo's rigor place himself?

18. What traits of Isabella does Claudio expect will aid his case? Do we find that Isabella is thus underestimated?

19. Explain, *Believe not that the dribbling dart of love can pierce a complete bosom.*

20. Give in detail the Duke's purposes as he describes them to Friar Thomas.

21. Which of the two motives, that the Duke advances as explaining his aloofness, do you consider the stronger with him?

22. What is the subject of conversation between Isabella and Francisca when Lucio enters in Sc. iv.?

23. What indictment of Angelo does Lucio make? What does he say of the Duke's action? What was evidently Lucio's social standing?

24. Does Lucio convey the message of Claudio in suggesting the arts that Isabella should use with Angelo? What effect is produced by the arrangement of scenes in this Act, instead of the possible inversion of Scenes ii. and iii.?

ACT SECOND.

25. How does Escalus advise Angelo (Sc. i.) concerning the application of the law to Claudio? What irony is there in Angelo's reply?

26. Is the scene that follows with Elbow too long? How does Elbow compare in humour with Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing*? What Shakespearian humour do you see in Pompey's *Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live*?

27. There is evidently a dramatic purpose in this scene that travesties justice;—what is it? Speaking in extenuation of Angelo's severity, Escalus says, *Mercy is not itself that oft looks so.* Interpret this.

28. How is the thought of pardoning Claudio managed in Sc. ii.

so as to grow in intensity and to take its place as a part of the justice of things?

29. What is the temper of Angelo's speech (Sc. iii. 37-41)? May it be said to contain the very kernel of the play?

30. Explain lines 74-79.

31. When does justice become pity in Angelo's philosophy? How near right was he? Is the ground that Angelo took too high for human agency to stand upon?

32. By what turn in Isabella's pleading was Angelo won to reconsider Claudio's case?

33. Was it to avenge his injured self-pride that Angelo meditated the damage to Isabella's chastity? How does Angelo himself think his temptation comes?

34. Sc. iii., while adding little to the action, yet adds what to the plot? Does the Duke stand for the overruling Providence?

35. Compare the speech of Angelo (Sc. iv.) with the prayer-scene of the King in *Hamlet*. What is the difference between a man whose conscience is weighted with a crime and one whose mind is preoccupied with a crime to be committed?

36. What passage here helps to establish the date of the play?

37. Angelo implies what in lines 35, 36? Is there honesty in Angelo's apostrophe to *these filthy vices* (line 43 *et seq.*)?

38. When Angelo accuses Isabella of craft in not following his meaning, is he not himself employing craft to lead her into a trap?

39. Did Angelo add cruelty to his other traits? Why could not Isabella denounce Angelo for what he is?

ACT THIRD.

40. What is the general tenor and temper of the Duke's monologue in the beginning of Act III.? Does anything in *Hamlet* match it for bitterness?

41. What is the dramatic purpose in Isabella's delay in coming to the point of Angelo's demand, as she repeats it to Claudio? What reflection of herself do you see in Claudio?

42. Is it the real Claudio who breaks down later and begs Isabella to make the sacrifice?

43. Compare the speech of Claudio with Hamlet's reflection upon the hereafter. How do they show the difference between the man of senses and the man of thought?

44. How do you account for the words with which Claudio leaves the stage?

45. How does the Duke undertake to solve the difficulty?

46. What covert allusions may Shakespeare have intended (Sc. ii.) in Pompey's speech of the "two usuries"?

47. Had it been Claudio, instead of Lucio, who was asked, would he have gone bail for Pompey?

48. Does Shakespeare intend "poetic justice" in the Scene where Lucio berates the Duke to his face, thus punishing him for his masquerading?

49. Are the reflections of the Duke (lines 196 *et seq*) in character?

50. What motive had Escalus for wishing to mitigate the severity of Angelo's sentence upon Claudio?

51. Analyze the thought of the speech with which the Duke concludes this Act.

ACT FOURTH.

52. What is the emotional effect of the song with which the Act opens? Compare this episode with Tennyson's "Mariana of the Moated Grange," and say what is the internal harmony of the two.

53. What suitability to the time and occasion do you see in the speech of the Duke beginning with line 60? Compare it with Act III. Sc. ii. 196-200.

54. Does Pompey turned hangman become more or less repellent than he was before?

55. How, through the manner of leading up to the point, is the surprise of Angelo's letter (line 123) made keener? How does it affect one's feeling about the character of Angelo?

56. From the Barnardine episode what impression does one get of the nature of the Duke's government?

57. What change in the natural evolution of events does the Duke introduce in Sc. ii.? Through what supporting authority is he able to effect this?

58. What picture of prison life do you find in Sc. iii.? Was it a picture of contemporaneous conditions?

59. How is the audience made aware that the term of the Duke's masquerading is about to close?

60. What part of the action of the play takes place at the Moated Grange of Mariana?

61. How does Lucio turn the tables upon himself?

62. What is the episodic value of Sc. iv.?

63. Explain the reflections of Angelo beginning with line 21.

64. What preparations for the events of Act V. are made in the fourth Act?

ACT FIFTH.

65. Recount the train of events as they develop in the fifth Act.

66. Is the interest abated by the fact that the action of the play becomes artificial, and controlled by the Duke as *deus ex machina*?

67. Is there still an interest derived from the fact that Isabella and Mariana only partly understand the purposes of the Duke?

68. How does Angelo bear up under the uncovering of his crimes?

69. Does it seem a hardship that Lucio alone of all the evil-doers has to suffer punishment?

70. Had Shakespeare not insisted upon turning the play into a comedy, how would the action have run on to a natural conclusion?

71. What evidences do you see throughout the play of a comic purpose, even though the elements dealt with are tragic?

72. Mention qualities in Lucio that count on the nobler side of life.

73. Does Shakespeare find in Claudio any trait that is distinctly condemnable? What is the complete impression that you derive of his character?

74. Compare the appeal to mercy that Isabella makes to Angelo with that that Portia makes to Shylock and account for the differences in spirit and character.

75. What can you say of the Duke? What justice is there in Lucio's description of him as the *fantastical Duke of dark corners?*

76. When is it likely that the Duke first knew of the story of Mariana and consequently of Angelo's relation to her? How does this bear upon the point of his selecting Angelo to represent him?

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77. Which is the more subtle character—the Duke or Angelo?

78. Did the Duke ever suspect Angelo?

79. If not, what view thereby do you get of Angelo and of the Duke?

80. Is not Angelo the greatest ironic conception of Shakespeare?

81. Does Shakespeare in this play often violate consistency of

character for the apparent purpose of proving a moral standpoint—notably in the case of the Duke?

82. What is the difference between moralizing and treating a subject morally?

83. Trace the affiliated humorous characters in other plays of Shakespeare.

84. What effect of contrast is seen between the characters of Angelo and Isabella and the other people of the play? Which group more stirs the sympathies?

85. Weigh internal evidences, comparing this with other plays as to characters and situations; consider the development of such a character as Isabella; observe the arrest of natural evolution in the plot, as seen in the last Act; then say where you would place this drama in the chronology of Shakespeare's works.

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